

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 40.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

MARETIMO.

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CHAPTER I.

THE LEE-SHORE.

LIGHT baffling winds had kept the French schooner *Marc Antoine*, bound from Marseille to Patras, hovering many days near the eastern coast of the island of Sardinia. Once or twice a favourable breeze had indeed taken her gently across part of the expanse of water that separated her from Sicily; and land to the south-east had been signaled from the mast-head; but calms had succeeded, and currents had wafted her back again; so that, early in the month of May 182-, there lay the *Marc Antoine*, swinging gently to and fro, still in sight of Cape Tavolara—her sails now swelling out, now clinging to the masts as she rolled.

The crew were sleeping about the deck in the sun; the man at the wheel nodded; the captain was stretched on his back on a carpet, looking intently up at the sky, as if he expected to discover something there; the only passenger leaned over the bulwarks, watching the transparent waters, where swarms of small fish lazily glided; whilst every now and then a great fellow, on the look-out for prey, would dart amongst them, and disperse them like shadows. No one seemed to repine at the loss of time—so bright was the sun, so placid the water, so balmy the air, so dimly beautiful that long line of hilly coast, with the great cape standing boldly out like a citadel in front, the base of its thousand feet of wall ever spurning back the foam which, even in the calmest days, dashes against it.

The passenger was an Englishman, Walter Masterton by name. Though young, he had passed the age when the smallest delays excite petulant impatience. Experience had made him too wise to spend the present hour in fretting, because it did not bring all the enjoyment he had anticipated. Yearning for the morrow made him not unhappy; but, on the contrary, a cheerful confidence in the future—in the time which *must* come whether we watch for it or not—was evident in his whole demeanour. No doubt, he had reason to be satisfied with himself. Tall and vigorously formed, with bright-blue eyes and curly chestnut hair, he had often been made aware that ladies considered him handsome. The good-natured but slightly satirical smile on his lip, seemed to express consciousness of worth, but may have had its origin, partly in robust health, partly in the tranquillity of mind produced by the possession of comfortable worldly means.

Walter Masterton was of a good family, being the second son of a baronet. A considerable legacy from

one of his uncles, had early enabled him to indulge in a wandering propensity that seemed to form part of his nature; and at the period when we introduce him to our readers, he had already visited most of the countries in Europe, and spoke with more or less facility half-a-dozen languages. He was the very type of the roving English gentleman, who is at home in all capitals, knows and avoids 'the best hotels,' and has lost, by long intercourse with the world, all those roughnesses and irregularities which are supposed by foreigners to form the essence of our national character. Frenchmen told him unhesitatingly—meaning to be very complimentary—that he had nothing British about him; Italians declared that he was too polished for a German; and the ladies seemed generally agreed that he must be somebody in disguise. He was now on his way to Greece, where he had serious thoughts of employing his superabundant energy by joining the insurrection then in progress. What he really sought in his travels he might have found it perhaps difficult to explain. Sometimes he said it was knowledge; but he took no notes; visited few churches; and when he condescended to enter a picture-gallery, looked rather at the spectators than at the works of art. Sometimes he professed to be seeking opportunities of doing good—of redressing wrongs, like Don Quixote—and had indeed got into several squabbles with the police of well-governed countries, by lending his passport to the first fugitive who chose to ask it. When he talked of travelling in search of health, his appearance at once belied him; and so, occasionally, when he happened to be in a confidential mood, softening his voice—hypocritically many thought—he would pretend to be in search of forgetfulness. Forgetfulness! look at that white smooth forehead round which the chestnut curls are playing; at that pair of calm eyes; at that almost perpetual smile. Few could believe the statement; for we are accustomed to conceive those whose hearts have been devastated by passion as distorted, or at any-rate sickly in countenance—Childe Harold must have hollow cheeks and haggard looks. Yet appearances, as our school-copies tell us, are sometimes deceitful. That glittering plain of waters seems to be created only to sleep on eternally, drinking in the sunbeams that are showered upon it, or doubling the already innumerable stars; yet wrecked fleets lie beneath: in an hour, too, the storm may come—the hurricane and the thundering wave.

'Monsieur le Capitaine,' said Walter, turning round after long idle contemplation of the doings in Fish-land—'methinks we shall lie here till we become fit subjects for another ballad by Coleridge. But you don't know Coleridge?'

'I shall be most happy,' replied the captain, drawing and looking indefinite, as if he had scarcely come down from the sky—'most delighted to make his acquaintance on your introduction.'

Upon this, Walter, in very idleness, began to spout the *Ancient Mariner* in solemn preaching tones. The captain, who understood not a word, seemed interested; even the sailors, who had been lying on their faces, as if looking through the deck into the hold, turned round, rose on their elbows, and listened. This ebullition was quite an incident; nothing so out of the way had happened for some time. Walter went on gloriously; and by degrees quite forgot himself in admiration of what he was reciting; but suddenly he felt that he was no longer the observed of all observers. There was some other point of attraction. He stopped: nobody was listening to him—every one was at the side of the vessel looking towards the north.

Though not of much nautical experience, Walter soon understood what was the matter. The sky, which had previously been intensely blue all around, had assumed a threatening appearance in the direction to which all eyes were now turned. First, a haze had risen like a phantom above the horizon, thin, and almost imperceptible; but it rapidly thickened into a cloud that seemed stationary for a time, and then began to advance along the waters, making them gloomy as it came. Presently the tackle shook—producing a sound very much resembling that of ill-joined windows in a by-street when a carriage rattles through; and then the vessel itself creaked and groaned, as if rousing for action. Walter, though he had seemed so resigned to see the *Marc Antoine* lying lazily there, 'like a painted ship upon a painted ocean,' was full of glee. Motion suited him better: he now felt impatient to be careering over the foaming billows. But what are those lubberly Frenchmen about? Instead of letting loose more canvas, they are taking in every inch; two men are employed in securing the boats by fresh ropes; everything movable is made fast; the sailors' blouses begin to flutter; their long hair, wet with spray, dashes in their eyes; eager, almost fierce orders fly from the captain's mouth; on rushes the haze; the coast disappears; the sea whitens; there is a pitch and a roll; the squal has clasped the schooner in its embrace, and is hurrying her, under bare poles, towards the south.

The violence of these squalls is usually not lasting; and in less than a quarter of an hour the schooner had her jib out, and presently afterwards, both main-sail and square-sail. Walter was delighted. The *Marc Antoine*, with only a stiff breeze on her quarter, was now enabled to pursue her course steadily, making nearly ten knots an hour, every knot an approach to the goal of her voyage. But the wind gradually increased again; and by sunset, it blew a terrific gale. They did not see the sun go down, for they were shrouded in mist; but they felt night coming on by the gradual deepening of the gloom. At length, all was darkness around; and the schooner, with only just sufficient canvas set to keep her steady, went bounding along over the seething waters, into which she seemed at times about to bury her bows, that, anon, were lifted high into the air. Walter rather enjoyed the motion than otherwise; and as long as he could keep his footing, paced the deck wrapped in his cloak, watching the waves, which appeared to rise every now and then like dim white phantoms, to look over the sides of the vessel. So much, when his eyes became accustomed, could he distinguish; but beyond, around, above, all was darkness. The seamen were constantly engaged moving to and fro on the slushed deck, silently obeying the brief orders of the captain. To the latter, Walter wished to speak, but found no encouragement: he was even gruffly repulsed. There are those that become gentle in times of danger—perhaps the most truly brave—but others become rough and surly.

After some time, accordingly, Walter went below and tried to sleep—no easy matter. The sea was running mountains high, and sometimes made a clean breach over the deck; whole tons of water seemed to come thundering down. Suddenly, Walter was startled by a tremendous detonation and a crash, as if a rock had been hurled on board. Reaching the ladder as well as he could—the vessel pitching and rolling dreadfully all the time—he rushed up, and found that a tremendous sea had stove in one of the boats, at the same time that the main-sail, though closely reefed, had been carried away. The snapping of the tackle was like the voice of a cannon. Everything was in confusion; the broken ropes dashed to and fro like huge whips; the men were in disorder; the vessel tossed about for a time without guidance. Shortly after, they attempted to lie to, and a sort of dull whisper went about of the dangers of a lee-shore; but they were soon forced to scud again.

Thus night wore away; and when morning came, and the view over the cream-coloured billows gradually widened, the storm seemed rather to increase than to abate. The vessel had laboured a good deal during the night; and Walter was not a little disconcerted to find that some of the men had been at work for several hours at the pumps. He now ventured again to address the captain.

'Do you know where we are?' he inquired.

'In a tempest off the coast of Sicily,' was the gruff reply.

'Then we may at last hope for some shelter. If we are in our right course, we shall soon get under lee of the land.'

'Ay, ay, we may hope what we please, and, for that matter, fear too. *Chacun à son goût*. We are going where the wind takes us—it may be straight on the rock of Maretimo.'

'But surely you have still sufficient command of your vessel to be able to lie to?'

An English commander would have been less communicative. The Frenchman, though as brave a fellow as ever lived, could not conceal the truth. He had just sent three more men to the pumps; they had sprung a dangerous leak; there were several feet of water in the hold.

'However,' he added, endeavouring to appease his own alarm as well as Walter's—'on a pinch we can leave the pumps, and wear her, if anything alarming appears. We shan't sink yet. How many yards ahead do you think we could distinguish a rock some thousand feet in height?'

'Half a mile, perhaps.'

'Not a quarter; and there are breakers on the north-west side of Maretimo.'

Walter now understood the full extent of the danger. The greater part of the crew were necessarily employed in pumping out the water, and the remainder were not sufficient to perform any manoeuvre that might suddenly be rendered necessary. He felt like a man who should be drifting towards the Falls of Niagara without anything within reach that he might grasp to stay his course; and looked anxiously ahead, calculating rather how long the suspense was to endure, than with any hope that the threatened danger could be averted. Suddenly, he thought he saw the mist become more and more dense above the bowsprit: a huge form seemed struggling to break through it.

'Is that a cloud?' cried he, touching the captain's arm.

'No, no,' was the answer; 'that is Maretimo.'

The captain instantly ordered the helm to be brought hard a-weather. The crew came rushing on deck, and scrambled in rather a disorderly manner to their posts; but several of them seemed to have been drinking. Some mistake in the manoeuvre was made: a heavy sea broke over them, and washed the man at the wheel

right away, so that he was never seen more. The *Marc Antoine* drifted. In another moment, her keel struck with tremendous force; the masts went by the board, and she lay quite on her beam-ends, the sea breaking over her like a cataract. By the violence of the shock, Walter was hurled into the waves, almost stunned; being a good swimmer, however, he soon recovered himself, and managed to get hold of a spar, and gazed around to see if there was any hope in struggling back towards the vessel. He just saw it leaning right over, with several men clinging to the shrouds—a complete hopeless wreck. Immediately afterwards, a mountain of foaming water seemed to climb upon it with a triumphant roar—a huge white dome, that hung there, as it were, for a moment, and then broke away on every side in gushing streams, finding no further opposition; for the *Marc Antoine* had gone to pieces beneath the weight, and nothing remained of her but planks and barrels and spars.

Walter thought he saw at a little distance a boat, crowded with men, tossed up once on the summit of a tremendous wave; but of this he was not sure. The captain swam for a moment near at hand, and then disappeared. Fragments of the wreck were all around, swinging to and fro on the surface of the billows. Walter clung to his spar with the energy of despair.

Luckily, he had been cast from the vessel inside a line of rocks, that to some extent broke the force of the waves. The strongest swimmer could scarcely have kept afloat more than a few minutes in the open sea. That was a terrible hurricane, long remembered in Sicily. The whole northern coast of the island was strewn with wrecks; and several vessels, that came from the horizon like a flight of birds, were seen to go down by those who crowded the housetops of Trapani. Well, then, may Walter for a moment have given himself up for lost, although, as we have said, comparatively out of the influence of the raging sea. The water tumbled heavily toward the shore, which he could distinguish rising—a tremendous black mass, terminating in mist and cloud overhead—at no great distance. Unfortunately, the waves broke before reaching the land, so that there was evidently another line of rocks intervening. Indeed, in many places the water ran in and dashed up the sides of the precipice to an immense height, like white feathers—falling back in a cloud of spray. Walter, partly swimming, partly carried by the spar, gradually approached the iron-bound coast—with little hope, however, of ultimately escaping the fate which had probably overtaken all or most of his companions. It seemed impossible that he should avoid being dashed to pieces against the sunken rocks. No landing-place was apparent; no sign that the island was in any way accessible.

When Walter was carried close up to the breakers, he let go the spar, and having recommended his soul to God, made a desperate attempt to rise over them. The first time, his knees struck against the rocks, and he was nearly disabled; but the second, taking advantage of a larger swell than usual, he got across, and found that beyond was comparatively shallow water, when the wave had receded. He paused, breathless, for a moment, and then running forward, reached a ledge of rock at the base of the precipice, where he could at any rate sit down and rest. It is true that the water still reached him, and sometimes dashed in his face, but not with sufficient strength to make him lose his hold. He could now look round, and ascertain what were the chances of his ultimate escape.

By this time, the weather had a little brightened, and Walter could perceive the raging sea covered with fragments of the wreck; but there was no trace of any of the crew, except a pair of shoes that were floating near at hand. He thought that he alone had been saved—if saved he could as yet consider himself to be. There were no visible means of access to the island; and he

was even unaware of its being inhabited. To all appearance, it was a mere isolated mountain—a perpendicular pile of rock. Here and there, however, were breaks; but, from his position, Walter could see no sign of vegetation—nothing but precipices rising on all hands, as if to support one edge of a vast black cloud that stretched like a canopy over the sea.

From the time that seemed to have elapsed since Walter had come that morning upon the deck of the ill-fated *Marc Antoine*, he judged that it must be now nearly noon. The sun was, of course, not visible, but still the light seemed to come from behind the rock. At any rate, out at sea there was less shade than in the hollow curve within which Walter had been cast. There were, then, seven or eight hours more of day to elapse, and it was within that time that aid must come to be effectual, for it appeared impossible that any person, however hardy, could pass a night in such a situation. Walter's first care, when he had somewhat recovered his presence of mind, was to try and ascertain whether it was possible by any means to clamber towards the interior of the island. The rock immediately above him was, however, quite precipitous; not even a goat could have ascended it. He thought it possible that to the right or to the left a practicable passage might be found. But he soon ascertained that there was deep water on both sides; and the waves broke so furiously against the extreme points of the little inlet in which he had found shelter, that in such weather it would have been madness for him to attempt to swim round. He sat down, therefore, with his back to the rock, and calmly calculated what were the chances of his escape. Having fully appreciated the difficulties and the dangers by which he was surrounded, he undertook, in the next place, a self-examination. He found that, with the exception of a few slight injuries, which he had scarcely noticed until now, he still retained his full physical powers. It is true, he was somewhat exhausted from want of food, having tasted nothing since the previous day; but he remembered not only that others, when forced by circumstances, had found capacities of endurance within themselves which they had not previously expected, but that he himself, in his wild pedestrian tours through the sierras of Spain and the glaciers of the Alps, had manfully borne up against tremendous privations. He had been trained, too, to a hard life from his earliest infancy, over delighting in those rough field-sports by means of which the upper classes of this country maintain their physical superiority. He brought himself to believe, therefore, that even if the contest for life were prolonged to the next day, he should be found physically equal to it. What he feared at the outset was, that a tendency to despond, which had early come over him, might obtain the mastery. During the first few moments, indeed, that he had rested in comparative safety, the idea had suggested itself that he was only preserving himself for greater suffering, and that it would be best at once to give up the unequal struggle with the elements. All men who have been placed in similar situations have, perhaps, experienced this momentary want of confidence. There are latent powers in the human frame and in the human mind, which are only called forth on special occasions, and the existence of which we never suspect until then. In this sense, if in no other, adversity is a good master. We never know all we are capable of until the hour of trial; and so it was with Walter. A short time of reflection convinced him of the cowardice of yielding up his hope and his life, because he had been suddenly placed in the midst of imminent perils. He had yet much to live for. If it was true that he had suffered one of those disappointments which disgust the weak and the degenerate—the spoiled children of fortune—there was still a wide horizon for him. He had powers of affection that had never yet been employed, and he felt, too, that he had a mission in this

world to accomplish in common with his other fellow-creatures, which it was not permitted him lightly to abandon.

These ideas did not suggest themselves to him in a very definite shape; they whirled hastily through his mind, and formed, together with the instinct of self-preservation, motives sufficiently strong to induce him to resolve, that as long as life was within him he would not give way to base despair. Many others would perhaps have been less courageous, for it was evident that, unless the storm soon abated, and the direction of the wind changed, only some assistance, which it was not likely could be at hand, would avail. In many other parts of the world, there might have been hope or fear in the ebbing or the flowing of the tide; but these variations occur not in the Mediterranean: there the sea perpetually maintains the same level, except when it is piled by long-continued winds against the same coast.

The day passed slowly by, and no change for the better or for the worse took place—still the wind roared, and still the waves tumbled heavily against the rocks. After some hours, however, the clouds that had seemed to hang in solid masses over the sea, broke up, and went drifting, or rather hurrying, away overhead. Small patches of sunlight fell upon the tumultuous waters. Walter was in hopes that the hurricane would soon be over, but, to all appearance, it continued to rage with the same fury as before. However, increased light brought increased cheerfulness to his mind; his confidence became greater. He tried to remember what he had heard of these famous islands of the *Ægates*, of which history speaks so much, and modern geography so little, and persuaded himself that he had somewhere read of this little archipelago being inhabited by a race of fishermen, who practised the good old virtues of hospitality, and were ever ready to receive and comfort the shipwrecked stranger.

The waters were still hissing and dashing at his feet, and, further out, in masses many tons in weight, still came thundering upon the ledge of rock. A thousand inarticulate sounds buzzed in Walter's ears. The monotony of danger, and perhaps, too, want of nourishment, made him at last giddy and faint. In spite of all his courage, he found that his thoughts began to wander; and every now and then it required a fresh mental exertion to enable him to keep his position on the rock. Suddenly, he thought he heard a sound different from the voice of the elements; he started—he awoke to complete consciousness. He listened; he gazed to the right, to the left, overhead. It came again. Evidently, there was some human being near at hand—perhaps one of the crew—some fellow-sufferer hidden by a projecting point of rock, who was shouting for help—shouting to the roaring sea, which seemed to redouble its clamour to drown this puny outcry. Walter felt strengthened by the idea that there was some fellow-creature, perhaps even more helpless than he, near at hand; and half his misery seemed to be removed from him. The voice again made itself heard, this time a little nearer; but it was not the voice of complaint. It spoke in cheerful accents. The words, 'Take courage!' in Italian, were at length plainly to be distinguished. Though almost blinded with the water and with fatigue, Walter now made out, almost exactly above where he was clinging, the head of a man advanced over the precipice. He gave a cheerful 'halloo!' to shew that he had heard the signal. The stranger again called aloud, but it was impossible to make out what he said; however, it was evident that he was cheering the shipwrecked man. Presently he disappeared, but Walter now felt confident that aid was near at hand. He remained gazing at the place from which the promise of deliverance had come, till his eyes grew dizzy and his heart faint. After an interval that seemed an hour, though it was, in reality,

much shorter, several heads were seen peering over the precipice, and at last he made out that the people were taking measures to rescue him from his dangerous position. Presently, by the assistance of a rope, a man came clambering down the face of the rock, fixing his feet carefully in small holes, or on projecting pieces almost imperceptible from below. It may easily be imagined that Walter watched his progress with intense anxiety. Now and then, he loosened a fragment, and slipped; but down he still came, and presently reached the ledge of rock, and paused, breathless, to rest.

Walter, forgetting for the time his own situation, could not help looking with some surprise at the person who seemed, as it were, to have come down from heaven to his assistance. He had expected to behold a hearty and jovial fisherman, who would probably accept, with equal good-humour, his thanks and a reward; but there stood before him, slightly leaning against the rock to regain breath, a noble-looking person, dressed in garments which, though ruffled by exertion, were evidently those of a man of rank and refinement. His features, though animated by exertion at first, soon relaxed into an expression of tender melancholy. Not a word was spoken by either; but these two men, who had never met before, being brought face to face under such strange circumstances, seemed to feel their hearts leap irresistibly one towards the other; and ere they thought of further efforts for safety, they fell into each other's arms, and embraced. The cold nature of the Englishman melted to the ductility of the south; and Walter, who had borne up so bravely until then, overcome by gratitude and sympathy, wept silently—that strong man wept when he felt life and hope, which seemed to have abandoned him, come rushing back, like a flood, through his whole being; and the stranger's eyes were filled with tears also.

The two men soon recovered their calmness, and Walter, looking with affectionate gratitude at his new-found friend, said in Italian: 'And what are we now to do?' The stranger smiled, and asked him if he retained sufficient strength to climb the precipice by help of the rope. It was necessary, at any rate, to try, although the Englishman was much exhausted by fatigue and want of food. He assisted, however, in fastening the rope round his body, and roused himself for this last exertion. Presently afterwards, at a given signal, the men above began to haul slowly up. The distance was not great; but Walter received several bruises, for he was unable to keep out from the rock by his feet, and now and then seemed to lose consciousness. When he reached the edge of the precipice, several hands were stretched out to receive him, but his eyes swam, and he could only vaguely distinguish the forms of some people, who seemed to be dressed as soldiers. At a later time, he often thought of the strange sensations of that day. Whilst he was on the ledge of rock, except in a few moments of discouragement, everything around was perfectly distinct; but he scarcely thought of the past or of the future. His mind was almost completely occupied by the minute but keen sensations of the moment. He was engaged in a contest for dear life—a contest with chance and the elements; and there was time neither for reminiscence nor anticipation. When he felt that he was quite safe, external things seemed to float around him—to become dim and uncertain; the men who stood near were like shadows, the mountains like clouds; the sea that stretched far away, still tumbling tumultuously, looked like a vast expanse of smoke; and the sun, which by this time was nearly setting, glowed strangely red and large, as it sank amidst a bank of vapour. The only distinct feeling that accompanied these confused impressions, was anxiety for the safety of the stranger by whom he had been rescued. This kept him for some time from utterly giving way;

but when he saw the serious handsome face which had become so indelibly fixed in his memory again appear, he greeted it with a smile of recognition—felt the world, as it were, wafted swiftly away from him, and lost all consciousness.

On coming to himself, Walter gazed around anxiously in search of the one person, whose appearance and demeanour, as much perhaps as the great service he had rendered him, had made so deep an impression on his mind. But he saw only half-a-dozen men, dressed as common soldiers, who were apparently waiting for his recovery, without any great feeling of interest.

'Where is he?' said he in an eager tone.

They did not or would not understand to whom he alluded, and instead of answering his question, in true southern style asked another. 'Can you walk?' cried they.

He repeated his demand once or twice, fancying that his foreign accent prevented them from taking his meaning; and at last one of them, who seemed to be of superior rank to the rest, said rather gruffly: 'He has gone away, and you have no further need of him.'

At this moment, the roll of a drum was heard echoing through the mountains; and the soldiers, all rising at once, intimated that the sun having set, they must immediately return to their quarters. Walter understood, from their manner, that they wished to avoid all further conversation about the mysterious-looking personage to whom he owed so great an obligation, and naturally felt his curiosity increase. This was not the time, however, for satisfying it; and getting up with the assistance of two of the men—for he felt strangely weak—he accompanied the party up a steep defile that led, apparently, into the interior of the island, his mind still busily occupied with conjectures concerning his unknown preserver.

OUR GREAT WORKSHOP.

ONE of the most wonderful things in modern society is the manner in which employments spontaneously divide and classify themselves, making a gradual approach towards the maintenance of an equitable balance; it is true that this balance is never fully attained, but the approximation towards it is, nevertheless, remarkable. We may present the matter in this light. Say that there are 20,000,000 human beings in our own country—although, in reality, England and Wales are below this number; but England and Wales, with Scotland—that is, Great Britain—above it. How many persons are required to supply this number with clothing—how many with food—how many with dwellings? Who can answer such a question? Who can even make any approach toward an answer, reasoning by deduction from any principles? We can imagine a despot trying to order all things according to his own notions of right and wrong, and determining how many tailors and shoemakers, butchers and bakers, there ought to be; and we know that, in past times, our own legislature tried to effect something of the kind; but modern times have shewn very clearly how powerless kings and governments are in determining such matters.

Society settles all this by a kind of belief in a law of continuity. If twenty families, living in — Street—we may fill up the blank how we please—consumed 100 quartern-loaves last week, the baker infers that they will be willing and able to pay for and to eat 100 quarterns next week, unless some special circumstances seem to indicate a change. The law of continuity, of like results proceeding from like causes, is unconsciously acknowledged by all men; and this is really the groundwork on which men act in supplying their shops and warehouses. The baker, in determining how many sacks of flour he will bake into bread next week, looks at his sale for last week; judges whether

any disturbing causes are at work; and then decides how much flour it will be prudent to bake next week. So it is with all the bakers in all the towns: they do not trouble themselves with any calculation as to the quantity of bread required for 20,000,000 persons; each man is influenced in his guessings for next week by his experience of last week, resting on the law of continuity—though he may not know it by so fine a name as this—as a link between the two. So it is in respect to all trades and professions of every kind. To 10,000 carpenters, how many tailors? Neither carpenters nor tailors could answer such a question by any process of reasoning concerning the nature of the two trades; but the men, as individuals, settle it in their own way; they have to bear low wages and much suffering, if either class be more numerous than society requires; and it is by low wages, more readily than by anything else, that they find out when this excess of numbers has arisen. How best to proceed, when such a discovery has been made, is one of the most difficult questions of the day; but on that we do not touch here.

Although governments cannot command the proportions between different trades, it may yet be in the highest degree important and valuable to know in what way trades spontaneously proportion themselves. Such a desire has often been felt in England; but it is only by the Census Commissioners that anything valuable in this respect can be ascertained. A rough attempt in this direction was made by Gregory King, for the year 1688, from such data as he thought he could rely upon. His classification of the community was curious. He divided all the families of England and Wales into twenty-six groups—namely, temporal lords; spiritual lords; baronets; knights; esquires; gentlemen; persons in greater offices and places; persons in lesser offices and places; eminent merchants and traders by sea; lesser merchants and traders by sea; persons in the law; eminent clergymen; lesser clergymen; freeholders of the better sort; freeholders of the lesser sort; farmers; persons in liberal arts and sciences; shopkeepers and tradesmen; artisans and handicrafts; naval officers; military officers; common seamen; common soldiers; labouring-people and out-servants; cottagers and paupers; gipsies, beggars, thieves, &c. We need not stop to point out the extremely artificial character of such a mode of classification, with its 'better sort' and 'lesser sort,' or the dependence of the whole on feudal or at least heraldic bases; and as to numbers, we will simply say, that the highest four items are—cottagers and paupers, labouring-people and out-servants, farmers, and freeholders of the lesser sort; an order of precedence which might lead one to ask, where are the artisans and handicrafts?

It was fifty years ago, when the legislature first tried to ascertain a few particulars of this nature through the medium of the census. In the census of 1801, a column was left for the occupations of the people; but the returns were unsatisfactory, in consequence of the impossibility of determining whether females of the family, children, and servants, were to be classed as of no occupation, or of the occupation of the adult males of the family. In 1811, therefore, it was determined to abandon all detail respecting individuals, and to notice *families* only; and these families were grouped in three classes—those chiefly employed in and maintained by agriculture; those chiefly employed in or maintained by trade, manufactures, or handicraft; and those not belonging to either of these two classes. A similar system was adopted in 1821. In 1831, however, as there were still doubts as to what is to be deemed a *family*, it was determined to ascertain the occupation of all males of twenty years and upwards. The limit of twenty years of age was chosen for two reasons: because a man is usually settled in his vocation at that time; and because that age almost exactly divides the

whole male community into two equal parts, offering conveniences for checking and comparison. In order to render the census practicable, a form, containing a list of one hundred different trades and handicrafts, being those most commonly carried on, was furnished to the overseers in each parish or place; this form was to be filled up with the number of males of twenty years of age and upwards, opposite the separate columns of trades. This was so far good; but the overseers were authorised to add to the list such additional trades as were not included in the printed form; and there was thus an absence of uniformity in describing these extra trades, as well as doubts concerning the discrepation which the overseers had shewn in their choice. In 1841, therefore, an endeavour was made to approach still nearer to correctness. Instead of entering one hundred occupations on a blank form, each man's own description of his own occupation was to be entered opposite his name. The result of this was exceedingly curious; for each man felt at liberty to name, if he so pleased, the merest technical limitation to which his handicraft was confined. Thus in Lancashire, there were no fewer than 1225 distinct heads of employment in the cotton manufacture alone—that is, 1225 technical names for different employments connected with this particular manufacture. To set formally forth all the minute subdivisions thus given in by the enumerators, would have been practically useless, though curious; and the commissioners contented themselves with setting down a group of trades, expressive of cotton manufacture. In 1831, the separate occupations in Great Britain tabulated had been 598; in 1841, the number was 877. Of this 877, no less than 422 were employments connected with commerce and trade; while 319 were connected with manufacture.

Such being the nature of the information obtained, and the mode of obtaining it, the census of 1851 was looked forward to with much interest, as a means of eliciting yet more trustworthy and valuable details.

The Registrar-general has lately put forth two bulky volumes, as part of the record of his labours connected with the census of 1851. These two volumes, containing more than 1400 pages of close print, relate chiefly to the ages, civic condition, occupations, and birthplace of the people; together with the numbers and ages of the blind, deaf and dumb, paupers, prisoners, and lunatics. There had been before published voluminous tables respecting the numbers, education, religion, &c., of the people, so that the entire work will become of vast national importance. Our purpose here is only to notice the occupations of the people, in respect to the light thrown upon that subject by the census of 1851.

The Registrar-general, Mr Graham, with his coadjutors Mr Farr and Mr Mann, were the commissioners for managing this as well as other details of the census. They say: 'It was considered important to extend the inquiry so as to shew, as nearly as was practicable, the number of men, women, and children, in every trade or profession; and to obviate some of the difficulties which had interfered with the previous inquiries, short instructions on important points were printed upon every householder's schedule; and instructions still more elaborate were distributed among the enumerators and registrars. The result has been a great improvement in the quality of the information under this head, although it is still imperfect.' The commissioners point out how inevitable it was that anomalies would appear in the designations which individuals apply to themselves—the same name being applied to different occupations; or different names being applied to the same occupation; or many of the designations being vague, and of doubtful interpretation. It was determined, after a careful observation and analysis of the voluminous returns, to select 332 occupations of males, which appear to be pretty generally followed in various parts of the country; and to

publish the numbers and ages of the males employed in any of these 332 occupations, in every one of the counties and registration districts, and in most of the large cities and towns. There was a residuum of occupations left, which it was resolved to present in a more summary form, with less minuteness of detail. The list of 332 occupations was thus repeated so many times in the districts, counties, and towns, that the tables necessarily assumed their present bulky form.

The commissioners point out the fact, that in an early stage of society, the three chief trades are those of hunters, shepherds, and agriculturists, according as men lived by the produce of the chase, on the produce of their flocks, or the produce of tilled land; but that as society advances, and wants increase, the division of employments increases, and the need of classification augments as much as its difficulty. To give the eye something more to rest upon than wearying and repulsive tables, the commissioners requested Mr Augustus Petermann, the eminent geographer, to prepare a map of Great Britain, which should give a general notion of the distribution of occupations over the whole kingdom. The census-returns were the basis on which Mr Petermann proceeded; and he sought, by peculiar engraved marks and different colours, to render the meaning intelligible. The map, which is about two feet high by one in width, is tinted in general green, to indicate the diffusion of an agricultural population; and Mr Petermann has conceived a great variety of quaint, ingenious, and suggestive devices, which are scattered in profusion over the map, to represent the distribution of handicrafts, mines, and manufactures of various kinds. The symbols convey all such information as the following—that 'ships are made at Woolwich: in London, silk is manufactured; watches are constructed; ale and porter are brewed; pottery, and engines and machines, are made in a large way; gardens surround it for the supply of vegetables; on both sides of the Thames, paper is manufactured.' Straw-plait, lace, and shoes, employ the people in the South Midland counties; the silk manufacture extends to Bucks, to Suffolk, to Norfolk—particularly around Norwich—to Coventry, Nottingham, and Macclesfield, with the districts surrounding the towns. Silk now employs hands in Manchester and Bradford; gloves about about Yeovil, Barnstaple, Worcester, and Woodstock. Thus the seats of the principal manufactures can be traced on the map; the miners and the manufacturers of the principal metals; quarriers; the people spinning and weaving wool, silk, cotton, and flax; the manufacturers or makers of hats, stockings, gloves, shoes, watches and clocks, guns, engines, machines, tools, ships, chemicals, soap, combs, skins, leather, ale, toys, straw-plait, ropes, nets, thread, paper, glass, jewellery, locks, buttons, wire, nails, anchors, boilers, files, cutlery, needles and pins.*

No conditions were attached to the Census Act of 1851, to enable the commissioners to determine the number of shops and factories in different branches of trade; but it has been found possible to distinguish masters from men, and to ascertain how many acres of land are held by farmers, and how many men are employed by them. The returns are yet only roughly approximate; but they form a basis on which much useful information will be founded in future enumerations. It appears that 129,000 masters, on the census day in 1851, employed 727,468 men, or 5·6 men to each master. There were no fewer than 228 masters who employed more than 350 men each. A table is given of about 300 trades, with twenty-one blanks opposite each name for twenty-one numbers of men, to assist in denoting the numbers employed by the respective masters.

* It may be very well for paper-merchants in London to designate themselves paper-manufacturers; but there is very little, if any, paper actually made in the metropolis.

This table is well worth close study on the part of those who would estimate our industrial position. Engineers and machinists, cotton manufacturers, woollen manufacturers, silk manufacturers, worsted manufacturers, are those of whom the greatest number employ large bodies of men. The cotton manufacturers, as may be supposed, take the lead: there are no less than 113 of them who have more than 350 persons each in their employ—not merely an average, but *each one* has more than this number—certainly an astonishing fact. Of the tradesmen who returned themselves as masters employing two persons each, there were 2572 shoemakers, 1949 carpenters, 1565 blacksmiths, 1522 tailors, 1059 bakers—these were the highest numbers. If we go to the lowest limit of mastership, employing only one person, we find the order of precedence slightly altered—namely, 3444 shoemakers, 2470 blacksmiths, 2330 tailors, 2319 carpenters, 1692 bakers: in this, as in the former list, these five trades are larger than any others, in respect to the number of masters who employ only one or two persons. Without enumerating intermediate trades, it may be useful to bear in mind, that the five trades which are most distinguished for the large average number of persons employed in each factory or workshop, are manufacturers of cottons, woollens, worsteds, silks, and machines; while those at the other end of the scale are shoemakers, blacksmiths, tailors, carpenters, and bakers.

In respect to farmers, there were 225,318 persons who returned themselves as occupying land, and employing 665,651 labourers and servants—just about three persons employed on an average by each farmer or land-occupier. The returns were frequently vague in this respect; and the commissioners regard the result as only approximate. In respect to the farms, however, as distinguished from the farmers, the information is in many respects interesting. It is found that in England and Wales the average size of farms—225,318 in number—is 111 acres; almost exactly equal to the *hide* of land among the Anglo-Saxons. These occupy two-thirds of the entire area, leaving one-third for hills, moors, marshes, barrens, and water. About 170 farmers employ more than 60 persons each. Nearly 800 farms exceed 1000 acres each, and 90 of these exceed 2000 acres each.

In respect to the occupations of the people generally, the commissioners have had abundant difficulty. The same man is a member of parliament, a magistrate, a landowner; under which heading shall he be placed? So of the innkeeper and farmer, the fisherman and the farm-labourer, the maltster and the brewer. It was therefore decided to place a man under that one of his occupations which seemed to be the most important.

When the decision had been arrived at concerning which of two or more occupations should be selected as belonging to each individual, and when the total number of occupations to be tabulated had been settled, the commissioners sought for some system of classification. They first separated all occupations into two great groups—1st, Those who work; and 2d, Those who professedly have no definite occupation. The first group is divided into fourteen classes, which we may briefly designate without going into details:—1st, The Queen; the Royal family; the Lords and Commons; the civil servants of the crown; the officers of local government. 2d, The army, officers and men; the navy, officers and men; marines, half-pay officers and pensioners. 3d, The clergy and pastors; lawyers and judges of all kinds; physicians and medical men generally. 4th, The learned in art, science, and literature; including authors, editors, artists, sculptors, architects, men of science, teachers, and governesses. 5th, Wives and widows (not otherwise designated); children, educated at home and educated at school. 6th, Boarding and lodging house keepers; domestic

servants; makers of dress. 7th, Persons who buy, sell, let, or lend money on houses or goods—such as agents, brokers, factors, bankers, clerks, sellers, and auctioneers. 8th, Persons employed in conveyance by road, railway, sea, river, or canal. 9th, Farmers, graziers, shepherds, gardeners, agricultural labourers. 10th, Drivers, farriers, grooms, fishermen, and others employed about animals. 11th, Persons engaged in art and mechanic productions (a very large class, which seems to us not well chosen, for it includes sub-classes too widely divergent in character; authors, and painters, and architects, are placed in Class 4; while publishers, and engravers, and carvers, are placed in Class 11: why is this? and why are carpenters and bricklayers placed in the same class as actors and musicians?) 12th, Persons working and dealing in animal substances—such as bone, horn, ivory, whalebone, skin, feathers, hair, fur, wool, silk. 13th, Persons working and dealing in vegetable substances—such as vegetable food, cotton, flax, timber, gums, &c. 14th, Persons working and dealing in minerals—such as coal, ores, metals, salt, glass, earthenware, &c. The second group, comprising those who professedly have no definite occupation, is soon got over. It has three classes: 1st, Persons of rank or property who are not returned under any office or occupation; 2d, Labourers, whose branch of labour is undefined; 3d, Persons supported by the community, and of no specified occupation, including vagrants, prisoners, and persons supported by mere charity.

Thus the Queen's subjects in Great Britain are divided into 17 classes, subdivided into 91 sub-classes; and these are further subdivided into 332 separate occupations. These are for males; but the females are also classified. Some of these find places in all the 17 classes above named; but the total number of distinct occupations or social positions set down for females is limited to 198, of which the first and foremost is 'Queen.'

In any analysis of the whole of the occupations of the people, with a view to determine their relative importance, much of course depends on the judgment with which the classification has been made. Taking the commissioners' classification, however, as it stands, we find that there are 108 occupations, in each of which there are more than 10,000 persons. The two great items are—1,460,896 farm-servants and field-servants, and labourers of all kinds; and 1,038,791 domestic servants. The cotton-workers of all kinds are just about 500,000; while the labourers (undefined), the farmers and graziers, the boot and shoe makers, the milliners and dressmakers, and the coal-miners, range between 400,000 and 200,000. There appear to be just about 2,000,000 persons, or nearly one-tenth of the entire population of Great Britain, employed in working on dress, or on materials for dress. If we deduct from the farmers, graziers, gardeners, and agricultural labourers, a small percentage for the raising of produce *other* than food, it appears to us that there are also about 2,000,000 persons employed in growing, and making, and selling food. As the table from whence these items are taken contains no occupations in which the number of persons is less than 10,000, there is an addition to make on our score; and the result seems to be this—one-tenth of our entire number are employed upon dress, and one-tenth upon food. Of course, much of our cotton goods, iron, machinery, coal, &c., go to supply other countries; and numerous persons in other countries are employed in growing our tea, coffee, sugar, silk, &c.; therefore the exact number of persons required to supply dress and food to 21,000,000 persons is not clearly determined; but still the approximation here made is extremely valuable. A family, in the ordinary English acceptation of the term, consists on an average of just about five persons; and this gives us another general statement—the

persons employed upon food and dress equal the number of families, equivalent to one person in every family being so employed.

The almost interminable series of tables put forth by the commissioners, would bewilder any but the most determined statist; but the reader will see, from the few familiar details here given, how deeply interesting are the results deducible from these tables respecting the distribution of employments among the mass of the people.

GOING A-SOLDIERING; OR THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

WHAT a system of change is the subinary scene in which it is our lot to dwell! Ups and downs; ebbings and flowings; dissolution and reproduction; reversions and inversions; sudden storms and unlooked-for calms; tackings backwards and jumpings forwards; round-about circumbendibuses arriving at the same starting-point at last: such are the kaleidoscopic characteristics of that heterogeneous jumble men call the world. Byron might well ask: 'Where's Brummel?—Dished. Where's Long Pole Wellesley?—Diddled.' For ten years, as a period for time to work in—ten years are not an age, but an eternity of mutability—give me only two years' change to descant on; it is more than enough to suggest a theme. Grant me this, and I proceed to ask where is the French hostile descent upon England, about which heathen newspapers raged so furiously? And, instead of this fearful bugbear, what do we now see!

One thing, however, changes not—and that is the foolish credulity of men, and their equally foolish incredulity and suspicion. The ghost of invasion still weighs like a nightmare on a few weak minds. People so stupid that they deserve to be shot, as a Frenchman said of them the other day, mutter dark hints that the ultimate object of the troops, whether now assembling at or departed from Boulogne, must be to turn hereafter against their allies! Nor is it quite impossible that journals may be found to take up the theme. They may perhaps try to get up an English shout of *Perfidie France* as a counter-cry to the French howl of *Perfidie Albion*, now happily as good as forgotten. Such nonsense would not deserve a thought, were it not capable of working mischief. To discuss it is needless, just at present. At no period of history has greater unanimity and good feeling prevailed between the rival nations.

External changes strike us most. On the road from Calais to Boulogne, there is a remarkable point of view, at which I always stop to gaze. It is at the top of the hill, just before you descend to the village of Wimille. Not to weary you with landscape painting—before you are round-swelling downy-looking hills, containing in their lap a deep and rich valley; on the horizon stands the unfinished cathedral of Boulogne, and also the column originally built to commemorate Bonaparte's conquest of England; to the right, the sea flows round an insular and solid but dismantled fort, which grimly rests on its foundation of rock; whilst a line of grassy sand-hills bounds the coast. In general, the eye of an ordinary observer cannot repose upon a more tranquil bit, than the corner of the picture which is composed by the blue English Channel, the harmless fort, and the swelling hillocks of close-fed pasture. The other day, I halted as usual to enjoy the scene; but, lo! what a

metamorphosis was there! Had the hills been hired as a bleaching-ground? Or had all the linen in the department of Pas-de-Calais been hung out there to dry, for the benefit of sea-air and sunshine? The green slopes whereon I had taken many a quiet contemplative stroll, now sparkled with regular patches of white, fluttering in the breeze like a field of standing-corn, over which the summer wind is sweeping. Multitudes of blue-bodied emmets, with red legs (on which they stood upright), and with red top-knots, were moving to and fro amidst what were evidently their dwelling-places, built of white sackcloth. I hastily rushed down the hill, threaded the green little valley of Wimereux, and a glance told me that the long-talked-of Camp of Boulogne had at last been inaugurated. Soldiers appeared in every direction, in great diversities of costume, and engaged in all sorts of occupations—from washing out a pair of stockings in their shirt-sleeves in a tiny streamlet, to taking their full-dress careless walks abroad.

Can the reader imagine the change that is made by the establishment of a camp in the neighbourhood of a secluded sea-side village? 'Mine inn' is no longer the same establishment, except that I still receive a hearty welcome. The salon we tenanted last summer, with so little, sometimes too little, disturbance, is closed to us; for valorous and mighty men have engaged it as their mess-room and restaurant. The slow and slatternly, yet good-tempered girl, who used to wipe everything with her apron, is replaced by a dapper moustached waiter, who mounts the stairs two or three steps at a time; dances Vestris's gavot from room to room; and cuts a caper every time he draws a cork. But Julie is slow and slatternly no longer. Love, inspired by an upright object measuring not less than five feet ten in perpendicular height, has imparted brightness to her looks, cleanliness to her face, smartness to her dress, and nimble vivacity to every movement. If her head would but save her heels, what a treasure of a waitress she would turn out now! But the heart absorbs all the spiritualising influence which ought to reach as far as the brain, and poor Julie remains as thoughtless as ever, never dreaming that when she brings you a knife, she may just as well fetch a fork to bear it company; nor supposing that either bottles of wine and corkscrews, or tallow-candles and snuffers and extinguishers, have the slightest possible relationship to each other. Madame, now half-worried out of her life, and overwhelmed with the thoughts of the fortune she is to make, no longer presumes to do the cooking herself. In the little hot kitchen, there is installed, in state, a white-capped, white-coated, white-aproned *chef*—a professed man-cook, with his soul in his art, and the genius to fall into ecstasies when you tell him the secret of making shrimp-sauce à l'Anglaise. My chamber is gone; an engineer has run away with it, converting it into bedroom, dining-room, and study. However, for us there shall be room, though twenty people should be turned away: so at last we are hospitably accommodated with a snug little lodging aloft in the garrets. What fine air! What a delightful view! By stretching my neck, I can peep beautifully through the trap-door sky-light in the roof, which is appropriately styled a *tabatière*, or snuff-box window, commanding a panoramic prospect of the camp. Would a traveller wish for more? The other window has a slight defect—namely, the absence of a square of glass. The wind rushes fiercely through it; never mind that—I'll stick the crown of my French hat into it till to-morrow, when it may have a chance of being mended perhaps.

But a camp is the place for expedients on a small

as well as on a grand scale. In France, after a good dinner like this, we have a perfect right to call for toothpicks. We do so, and Julie retires with wondering eyes. She is quite sure there are no such things as those in the house. A slight bustle is heard in the yard; then the loud and angry cries of geese. A few minutes afterwards, up comes Julie, flourishing in her hand three or four virgin quills warm from the pinion, wherewith to fashion toothpicks for ourselves. And how am I to shave to-morrow morning? Once, at Inverary, during an assize-week, I actually beheld an independent self-confident Scotch laird sit up on his shake-down on the dining-room floor of the inn, and prepare his face to appear before my Lord Judge without the aid of water, soap, or looking-glass. A few dry scrapes with the razor sufficed. Not having yet arrived at Caledonian magisterial boldness, a mirror I must have. So at last madame lends me her work-box, the lid of which is lined inside with looking-glass; and I promise to smooth the surface of my chin with scrupulous respect for the pins, needles, tapes, and thread enclosed. How stupid to go a-camping without a pocket-reflector, even if you have to carry it in the crown of your hat! The soldier who has done his day's turn of cooking, thereby making himself as black as an Ethiopian serenader, brightens up his countenance and smooths his hair at last, by gazing complacently at a round little toy the size of a crown-piece, which lies hid in the hollow of his swarthy left hand.

It is shameful, however, for sensible men to complain of making shift while dwelling in a brick-built house, with glazed windows and a tiled roof. A quarter of a year's tenancy of a snug little tent would help to bring them to their senses. The tents here are shaped very like square paper-bags, opened at the mouth wide enough to stand on end with the bottom uppermost. In each of the sides a wide slit is cut, which, being lifted up and supported by sticks, form two doors, before and behind, to be opened or shut according to wind and weather. At each of the ends is a smaller opening, made by lifting a square of canvas, which rudely represent a couple of windows. In sultry weather, all these apertures are raised, and gaping ready to receive the breeze from whatever corner it may blow; for when a tent is hot at all, it is usually very very hot indeed. If it is cold, with wind and rain, everything is fastened tight with buckle and strap; and if the wet begins to penetrate, the inmates have to amuse themselves, now and then, with beating the walls of their castle with a stick inside, to prevent the drip from falling within. The frontdoor of the tent is usually labelled with a ticket, bearing its number. Without such numbers, it would be impossible to write a guide-book to a town of tents. Upon the whole, those who have tried it, say that a tent is not a particularly uncomfortable home when once you get used to it.

Suppose you are a common soldier here; you go to bed, say at half-past nine. Suppose you have fourteen or sixteen tent-fellows; each side of the tent is furnished with a capital bed of straw, with a green-turf foot-board. You undress to your shirt and drawers. You are possessed of a sack, which serves you as a chest of drawers and a storehouse by day, and also as a pair of sheets by night. Into that you creep as deep as you can. You have a blanket, with which you envelop the upper part of your person, and you sleep soundly—supposing you have not to get up and mount guard in the night—till five in the morning, when you are awakened by beat of drum and call of horn. You then jump up, and betake yourself to your special avocation. Perhaps you are born to be, by and by, a distinguished drummer at the end of eighteen months' hard practice. In that case, you take yourself off in company with twenty or thirty other pupils of the drumming-class, and stand on some hillock, or strut in some hollow,

beating rataplan till the very drum-sticks ache, and the sheepskin itself cries out for mercy. Perhaps your talents are devoted to the bugle; you then start away with other birds of the same note and feather, and blow and blow, till the wonder is that the horn does not unwind itself and poke out straight, under the force of your potent breath. Or you take your wheel-barrow, and wheel clay, to form the cabins you are building fast; or you shoulder your mattock, to make the road which is now being opened at the top of yon cliff; or you throng with a few hundred others to the beach, to gather and pile every likely-looking stone; or you are a promising *chasseur*, or rifleman, and go down to the beach to fire at a target, that you may make sure of your Cossack a thousand yards off; or you take your place in the awkward squad, and at word of command throw your legs and wings about in a way that would make the drill-sergeant believe you were going to commit suicide by dismemberment, like a brittle star-fish, were he not long since hardened against your antics; or you have cultivated the virtues of sobriety, neatness, and attention to orders, to so successful an extent, as to be walked off suddenly *au violon*, under arrest, to the *salle de police* in close confinement; or to-day it is your turn to cook, and you don your white night-cap—or what ought to be white—your duck-trousers and jacket, and make yourself look as pitiable an object as a galley-slave sentenced to hard labour for life. But whatever you do, and whoever you are, severe internal pangs arise, the consequence of the bracing sea-side air, which go on with ever-increasing intensity till breakfast at ten puts an end to them.

After breakfast, much the same as before, with the exception that on Sundays and Thursdays we have admirable military and other music from the combined bands of two regiments. Glorious to hear *God Save the Queen*, *Partant pour la Syrie*, and *Rule Britannia*, played off in the midst of a French camp, one after the other as a single piece, and almost in a single breath! A slight change this from the imputed and suspected—for I thoroughly believe they were no more—intentions only sixteen short months ago. I invoke thee, gentle southern breeze! waft *God Save the Queen* and *Rule Britannia* as a melodious peace-offering across the Channel, as I heard them nobly played yesterday, to still the troubled spirit of distrust, and to bind the overanxious heart in the charmed cords of harmony.

Camp-cooking is famous fun. First, there is the kitchen to make, something like a ditch cut in the side of a hill, covered with a few boards, to keep the wind from blowing the fires out and away. Inside, however, is the true camp-cooking stove, with innumerable fire-places, and a turf-built chimney to every fireplace. Not that a great variety of dishes are prepared: one only, soup, is the Hobson's choice of the French private, corporal, and sergeant. *C'est la soupe qui fait le soldat*—'Soup makes the soldier,' is a proverb almost as old as Gallic feats of arms. Each fireplace is nothing but a narrow gutter, with edgings of turf, containing a line of burning wood. The kidney-shaped soup-kettles standing closely over it, and touching each other, cause the air to roar along the fire and up the chimney, so as to keep the pot boiling the whole afternoon. Delightful privilege of the soldier-cooks, to watch the progress of the blended stew! To taste the broth, try the tenderness of the cabbage, take a pull at the beef to see whether it is ragged enough, and prick at the carrots, leeks, and turnips. Simmering, or, as our dear old cook used to call it, 'simpering' all day long, is the secret to make a perfect soup. It is half-past four, and the stew is done; then comes the distribution. After reduction by the aid of fire, division and vulgar fractions follow through the ministration of spoons, ladles, knives, and fingers. On the grass stands a bevy of round tin-pots, each with its lid hanging to it by means of a chain, and stamped with the number corresponding to the individual mouth

which falls to its proper lot to feed. The perspiring cooks, with a loose blanket thrown over their shoulders, to save them from the chill of the sharp sea-air, do their best to carve with fairness. Into every pot goes a bit of cabbage, a bit of leek, a bit of turnip, a bit of carrot, and a bit of beef. Slices of bread, stuck here and there, complete the solid contents of the vessel. Next comes the liquid to water the whole; steaming ladlefuls till each pot is full. Then clap the lids on, to keep all hot, and to make sure that the numbers are right that every man may have his dole. '*Sacré nom!*'—don't swear, friend cook—'*Sacré nom de cochon!* I won't, but here's two thousand and seventy-four, and there's two thousand and seventy-six; where's two thousand and seventy-five?' Up comes two thousand and seventy-five's owner, in bodily and wrathful presence, and vows that when it is his turn to cook, he'll remember the fellow who mislaid his pot.

Turn we from these trivial troubles. Walk round the camp, and leave the malcontents to fight it out between them. Only think of an upstart oyster-shop, with the imposing sign of 'The Cancale Rock,' built of sail-cloth, and invitingly furnished with benches of plank. But nearly the whole circumference of the outskirts of the camp is sprinkled with small tradesmen, male and female, who vend food for the mind as well as for the body. In one corner is a sort of vegetable market, strewed with the ingredients of the aforesaid soup; and since in camps nothing ought to be wasted, observe that the cooks make use of the refuse cabbage-leaves to polish the inside of their sauce-pans with. It is an improvement on the ancient wrinkle of rubbing your plate with a slice of shallot. There is no want of either necessities or creature-comforts, if you have but the sous to purchase them with. That strapping woman, who is squatted on the grass, with an open umbrella to serve as her shop, has a medley of sausages, bottled beer, cheese, red-herrings, penny-rolls, and lumps of bacon to sell. The man with only one arm, who is stretched on the turf a little further on, offers almanacs, song-books, paper for cigarettes, soap, brushes, lucifer-matches, needles and pins, buttons, tape and thread, buckles, and a hundred other useful things, to his customers. Almost every cottage has painted on its freshly whitewashed walls a black profile portrait of a bottle and glass, or a coffee-bigin and cup, as a surer appeal to the eyes of the military than an inscription even in Roman capitals would be.

We dine, like everybody else, at five. After digestion, we take an evening stroll. The soldiers, having no wine to sit over, have already commenced the amusements of their *soirée*. Some are gone to take a pipe and a walk; others have formed a ring round a couple of wrestlers, who begin their struggle by slapping each other's faces, and making mouths as if they were grinning for a wager. Roars of laughter arise from another knot. The performer who is entertaining them is a humorous hero, who runs on all-fours, caricaturing the voice and motions of a terrier-dog, scratches with his fore-paws to unearth an imaginary rat or rabbit, and convulses his audience by the witty style in which he sniffs at the hole he has made in the bank; till at last the actor and his public all rush away to join a jumping-match from the brow of a hillock into the soft bed of sand which lies in his hollow.

But time flies. The sun sets. 'Rat, tat, tat,' and 'tantara-tiry!' Drum and bugle give hints of sleep. All is quiet. The patrol goes round, to give warning to stragglers. None are absent outside the camp, except the few provided with a written permission to make merry beyond the usual hour. Nought is seen stirring, except the sentinels pacing before their turf-built straw-thatched sentry-boxes; and we finish the day to begin the next to the music of the drum and bugle pupils.

What will be the next change of the kaleidoscope?

Will the Russian fleet escape Napier's wrath, and enter the Straits of Dover to ravage Kent? Will the French, instead of making a hostile invasion, come over the water to help us, like true brothers-in-arms? Or shall the Tricolor and the Union Jack wave side by side triumphantly at St Petersburg, while French and English soldiers eat soup together beneath their shadow? Whatever come of it, let one thing happen. No longer let it be the reproach of Christendom, that

The Channel interposed
Makes enemies of nations, which had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

WHOEVER has wandered much over the world, must have been deeply smitten by the gorgeous splendours, varied in every climate, which attend the birth and extinction of day. To have beheld these phenomena in one latitude only, is almost like reading one page of a great epic, in which beauties lie scattered as thick as stars in the galaxy. It affords delight to the imagination to watch the sun rise in the cold north, behind banks of vapour, which he converts, while ascending, into a variegated creation of purple, amethyst, green, and gold. But the chilliness of the atmosphere affects in some degree the nerves of vision. The well-springs of pleasure gush forth but imperfectly beneath the cold sky; and instead of standing still, or reclining to gaze at the Titanian artist as he paints the heavens with his burning pencil of light, you are satisfied to catch a few glances, and pass on. In the south, whether on mountain or in valley, on the vast plains of the desert or on the interminable ocean, it is altogether different. Plunged in balmy ether, with every fibre in your frame thrilling gently to its touch, you look with undisturbed rapture at the glowing orient, as it puts on before you its many-coloured veil. You find yourself in the warm rich tiring-room of nature, where she displays all her gorgeous vestments, and seems to be trying them, one after another, in order rapidly to fix upon that in which she will choose to appear for the rest of the day.

Whole volumes might be written on the infinitely varied circumstances which accompany the rising of the sun; indeed, all the poetry of the world is thickly sprinkled with descriptions of the dawn. Prose, also, with different, though perhaps equal resources, has sought to give permanence to the ever-fluctuating aspects of the morning; and landscape-painters, imitating by colours instead of words, have, so to speak, endeavoured to seize upon one phase of the heavens, and reflect it in all its brightness from their canvas. But when all has been done, when genius and art and language have exhausted their mighty treasury, you will feel, if you go forth beneath the opening eyelids of the morning, a freshness, a beauty, a grandeur, a rapture, an inspiration, transcending infinitely the delights and pleasures excited by the mimic creations of man.

We once knew a man who spent the greater part of his life in haunting the margin of the sea, picking up shells, and listening to the wild music of the waves. He knew not precisely what he was in search of, but fancied he was engaged in studying the science of conchology. What he found, however, may in part at least be stated, though not described. Often, in bright tropical lands, he went out upon the ocean-rim before the dawn, and there sat on the warm-ribbed sand,

watching for the appearance of Aurora. No Sabeen ever gazed upon the stars with more holy rapture than did he upon the rising dawn as she came in gray mantle over the waves, tinging them gradually, as she passed, with pellucid amber and saffron, and crimson and purple, till the golden disk flamed forth through the portals of the east, converting the ocean into one infinite expanse of rose-coloured billows. Then the wanderer's heart appeared to dilate beneath the inspiration of physical nature, while his soul teemed with the births of poetry. He had carried along with him, not in material volumes, but graven deep on the golden leaves of memory, all the poets have sung on the beauties of morning, from the blind old man of Chios' rocky isle, down to the newest and most fashionable sonneteer. But glorious as their pictures are, he thought them pale and poor when brought forth at dawn on the cliffs of the Red Sea, or on the slopes of Pelion, or amid the arenaceous solitudes of the Upper Nile.

But our pen wanders: we demand it back, not to chronicle our own fancies, but to set down at our bidding some of those gorgeous and cheering words which the children of the Muses have bequeathed to us as an everlasting inheritance. In search of these, we must not turn to the byways of literature, and indulge in all such reading as was never read. On the contrary, we must journey along the common highways and beaten paths. Our business lies not with strangers, with startling masks or outlandish visages, but with old familiar faces, which have smiled upon us and blessed us from infancy. Let them come in, therefore, in God's name! They are none the less welcome because we have gazed upon them a thousand times before. Shakespeare, who loved to steep his imagination in the hues of nature, abounds with exquisite lines, which prove him to have drunk in with delight the beauties of the morning, though he has nowhere indulged in an elaborate description of them.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lie;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To open their golden eyes.

Shakespeare's associations with morning were often grotesque and fantastical. Not content with what appears in nature, he had recourse to the vast structure of superstition, and linked the most hideous fancies with the gorgeous and fragrant beam of morning. Thus, in *Midsummer's Night Dream*, Puck, in colloquy with Oberon, observes:—

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For fear lest day should look their shames upon.

Oberon, interrupting him, replies:—

I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

Friar Lawrence, in *Romeo and Juliet*, describes briefly the opening morning:—

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier-cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.

Afterwards, in the last dialogue between Juliet and Romeo, the faithful bride mistakes or confuses the indications of morning, in order to retain her lover, who could only provide for his safety by flying with the light:—

Juliet. It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love—what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

Spenser abounds in allusions—we wish they were more than allusions—to the phenomena of the dawn. His mind, full of exquisite taste and sensibility, seems to have drawn a peculiar inspiration from the morning, to which, in the *Fairy Queen*, he is never weary of recurring. His half-spiritual wandering knights, in the midst of enchantments, brazen towers, fairy goddeses, dens, wild beasts, and endless forests, cast upward now and then their valorous eyes to the sky, where they may perhaps be suspected of mistaking Aurora for their mistress. In the feats, adventures, and narratives, we cannot profess to take much interest. His heroes are little better than shadows, his incidents extravagant, and his morals extremely doubtful—we mean the morals he designs to teach by his strange allegories; but in descriptions of all kinds he so greatly excels, that even the author of *Amadis de Gaul* must yield precedence to him. Generally, however, when he comes to speak of sunrise, his muse affects an almost oracular brevity. When entering upon the adventure of Paridell, who acts the part of Paris towards Hellenore:

The morrow next, so soon as Phœbus' lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
Out of the goodly heaven moved quite.

And again:

And now the day out of the ocean main
Began to peep above this earthly mass,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grass.

Afterwards he interweaves a description of one of his heroines with a glance at sunrise:

In the midst of them a goodly maid,
Even in the lap of womanhood, there sat,
The which was all in lily white arrayed,
With silver streams amongst the linen strayed,
Like to the morn, when first her shining face
Hath to the glowing world itself bewrayed.
That dame was fairest Amoret in place,
Shining with beauty's light and heavenly virtue's grace.

The morrow next appeared with purple hair,
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light unto the heavens fair.

Cowley, in the midst of his quaintness and extravagance, of which he was fonder than of his own reputation, has some fine short passages on dawn and sunrise.

Soon as the morning left her rosy bed,
And all heaven's smaller lights were driven away,
She, by her friends and near acquaintance led,
Like other maids, would walk at break of day.
Aurora blushed to see a sight unknown,
To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

Phœbus, expected by the approaching night,
Blushed, and for shame closed in his bashful light.

She appeared,
And breathed fresh honies on the smiling trees,
Which owe more of their gallantry to her
Than to the musky kisses of the winds.
Be sure 'tis she—thus doth the sun break forth
From the black curtain of an envious cloud.

It is by no means our intention, however, to shew on this occasion any respect for chronology. The poets from whom we have borrowed the above passages happen to stand close at our elbow, so we took them up, and accepted the first good things they offered us. No doubt they contain much more that would be quite to the purpose. But we are inconstant and capricious, and without any particular reason, make at once a long transition to Mrs Hemans :

The morn came singing
Through the green forests of the Apennines,
With all her joyous birds, their free flight winging,
And steps and voices out : amongst the vines
Now light of richer hue
Than the morn sheds, came flashing mist and dew ;
The pines grew red with morning, fresh winds played,
Bright-coloured birds, with splendour crossed the
shade,
Flitting on flower-like wings ; glad murmurs broke
From reed, and spray, and leaf ; the rising strings
Of earth's Æolian lyre, whose music woke
Into young life and joy all happy things.

Crossing the Atlantic, let us hear what Longfellow has to say about the morning. We question much whether his be the true inspiration of the savannas and eternal forests of the New World, which will yet touch with light and life a thousand new-born lyres. But what he says is often quaint, full of a gentle melancholy, and pleasant to be read by the winter's fireside.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales ;
The clouds were far beneath me ; bathed in light,
They gathered midway round the wooded height,
And in their fading glory shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown.
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance ;
And rocking on the cliff, was left
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft ;
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade ;
When upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittorn wheeled his spiral way.

In that quaint odd poem called the *Building of the Ship*, Longfellow has another description of sunrise, which he interweaves adroitly with his very simple story. One of the charms of this writer arises out of the fact that he is an American : his imagery is not a mere reflex of that which is found in the poets of the Old World, but awakens new associations, and brings before the mind forests, and lakes and rivers, and trees and birds, of which no mention is made by the bards of Europe. There is, consequently, a freshness in many of his descriptions, akin to the freshness of the American woods, which extremely delights us. His genius, however, is not sufficiently bold to make use of all the riches which his fortunate position places, as it were, at his feet. He writes elegantly and sweetly, but yet with a certain amount of timidity, which checks the full swing of our emotions, and makes us feel that we are often on the very brink of a delight which we are not permitted, after all, to enjoy. Still Longfellow is a most pleasing writer, and will always be admired

for the truth and homely delicacy of his pictures. For example :—

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day ;
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.

Afterwards, the poet skilfully connects the dawn of morning with the beginning of love. Speaking of a young naval architect, he says :

As he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair
With the breath of morn and the soft sea-air.

Returning to the Old World of poets, we take up the newly published magnificent edition of John Keats, which a lover of the Muses may take with him into the cool bowers of summer, and enjoy best there. In our own case, we are fain to content ourselves with the warm chimney corner, where, with our feet on the polished fender, we endeavour to fancy ourselves in some of the odoriferous vales of Arcadia.

The rosy veils
Mantling the east, by Aurora's peering hand
Were lifted from the water's breast, and fanned
Into sweet air, and sober morning came
Meekly through billows.

And again :—

Now morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touched a verdant hill,
Crowning its lawn crest with amber flame,
Silvering the untainted gushes of its rill,
Which pure from mossy beds did down distil ;
And after parting beds of simple flowers,
By many shadows, a little lake did fill,
Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And in its middle space a sky that never lowers.

Sunset is a comparatively familiar sight ; yet it is not every day that here, in the less fortunate parts of the temperate zone, we can behold it to advantage. During many months of the year, we move about muffled up to the chin in cloaks or greatcoats, and think more of hiding our noses in the fur, than of exhilarating our fancies by gazing at the vapoury tabernacle which rises in gorgeous colours upon the western horizon. Nature with us is not lavish of her beauties. Our habitual atmosphere is an atmosphere of fog, or haze, or clouds. Sometimes, on the sea-shore, or amid the mountains, we obtain casual glimpses, which may enable us to form some idea of what real sunsets are far south beyond the Alps, or on the other side of the Mediterranean, where Africa reveals to a favoured few the gorgeous magic of her skies. A Danish naturalist, nurtured amid Scandinavian morasses, amused himself with the fancy, that the stars and constellations, on a cold frosty night, are as brilliant in the arctic circle as within the tropics. But this was mere self-delusion. The whole host of heaven seems shrivelled and shrunken, and very much in want of shelter, as they march through the chilly solitudes of a hyperborean night. In tropical skies, their liquid splendour dilates visibly before the eye, till they glow and glitter almost like so many planets. It is the same with sunset. All the vapour that exists on the horizon is interpenetrated and inflamed with light up to the very zenith ; and according as it is dense or rare, diffused or accumulated, is converted into

every variety of colour by the sun's vital beams, which spread and glow, and ripple the clouds, and turn them into seas and islands, mountains and moors, forests and chasms, water-falls and supernal arches and domes, and towers and minarets rising piled above each other to the starry crest of the empyrean. With elements such as these, poetry delights to build up her airy creations. Of old, it was amid the wastes of the sky, glowing with infinite grandeur, that the bards sought and found their Hippocrene. They sat on the slopes of Pindus or of Pelion, of Cythaeron, Parnes, or Latmos, till the rays of the burning west, kindling up crag and forest, appeared to convert the aerial summits above and around them into celestial dwelling-places. Then it was that real inspiration flowed from the circumambient heaven into their souls. The lyres and harps on which they played were not material instruments manufactured by mortal hands, but a mighty mixture of harp and lyre fabricated by Olympian gods, and sounding for ever about them in the ethereal heights of the universe. Content with enjoying, the older poets seldom sought to describe, though gushes of golden light sometimes poured into their verses. What they sought to embody was the inner universe of thought—sentiment, and emotion. In later times, their successors have endeavoured to rival nature herself in the gorgeousness of their pictures; but if we desire to borrow what they have written, we find it so interwoven with other things, that, when detached, it seems imperfect, abrupt, fragmentary. Shakespeare, though full of brilliant imagery, scarcely supplies a single passage sufficiently long and complete to be quoted; and Spenser's pictures are little better than miniatures. Milton first exhibited the strength which could dare to wrestle with nature on these fields of glory. His morning and evening landscapes, glowing with bright colours, and fresh with the dews of Eden, are among the most beautiful in the dominions of the Muses.

Shelley, in descriptions of sunset, has no superior. His language, when he undertakes to delineate the rapid changes and brilliant colours of the sky, exhibits a glow, a richness, and a splendour only inferior to the phenomena which he endeavours to paint by words. Exhibiting in other respects bad taste and incapacity to regulate his own ideas, he here displays uncommon felicity both in conception and language. His words, as they fall into their places, form, as it were, the richest patterns on the mind, and arrange before the imagination pictures of almost unexampled splendour. He was probably not an early riser; and therefore, when he speaks of the cool dawn and the glowing sunrise, he draws more from fancy than from nature, and his landscapes are rather modifications of sunset than reproductions of nature's aspect at the glowing advent of the Titan. Let us, however, accept the beauty and sublimity he offers us. Picturesque poetry in all her treasury has nothing finer:—

If solitude hath ever led thy steps
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,
And thou hast lingered there
Until the sun's broad orb
Seemed resting on the burnished wave—
Thou must have marked the lines
Of purple gold, that motionless
Hung o'er the sinking sphere.
Thou must have marked the billowy clouds
Edged with intolerable radiance,
Towering like rocks of jet,
Crowned with a diamond wreath;
And yet there is a moment
When the sun's highest point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When those far clouds of feathery gold
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
Like islands on a dark-blue sea.

One more passage, and we take our leave of Shelley:

We stood,
Looking upon the evening, and the flood
Which lay between the city and the shore,
Paved with the image of the sky; the hoar
And airy Alps towards the north appeared
Through mist a heaven-sustaining bulwark, reared
Between the east and west, and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue,
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent,
Among the many folded hills; they were
Those famous Euganean Hills, which bear,
As seen from Lido through the harbour piles,
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles;
And then, as if the earth and sea and heaven
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
Those mountains towering as from waves of flame
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent.

In Mickle's translation of the *Lusiad* there is found a very fine passage, describing the coming on of evening in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Storms, which, as the work is no longer popular, may be new to many of our readers. Camoens was in many respects an imitator of the ancients, and, like them, turns but seldom aside from his martial narrative to paint the beauties of earth or sky. But he is here seized with a passion for the picturesque, and with bold and rapid strokes dashes off a very striking landscape:—

Now shooting o'er the flood his fervid blaze,
The red-browed sun withdraws his beaming rays;
Safe in the bay, the crew forget their cares,
And perfect rest their wearied strength repairs.
Calm twilight now his drowsy mantle spreads,
And shade on shade, the gloom still deepening sheds.
The moon full-orbed, forsakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave;
The snowy splendours of her modest ray
Stream o'er the glistening waves, and quivering play;
Around her, glittering on the heaven's arched brow
Unnumbered stars, enclosed in azure, glow—
Thick as the dew-drops of the April dawn,
Or May-flowers crowding o'er the daisy-lawn.
The canvas whitens in the silvery beam,
And with a mild pale red the pendants gleam,
The mast's tall shadows tremble o'er the deep,
The peaceful winds an holy silence keep;
The watchman's carol echoed from the prows
Above, at times awakes the still repose.

To continue our picture of the dying day, we shall borrow from Lord Byron a few magnificent stanzas, which would almost appear to have been written on purpose for our use. He is not so gorgeous as Shelley, or so wild and fanciful as Keats or Coleridge; but he has a chastened grandeur, a moral beauty, a pathos interwoven with his pictures of nature, which raise them above comparison with the delineations of any of his contemporaries. His verses appear to flow freely from a classic source, with inimitable force and ease, and the grand swing of the Spenserian stanza in those we select increases the effect:—

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains: heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhetian hill,
 As Day and Night contending were, until
 Nature reclaimed her order: gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it
 glows,

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse:
 And now they change; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

We shall conclude with a gorgeous description of an
 Indian city at sunset, by Mrs Hemans:—

Royal in splendour went down the day,
 On the plain where an Indian city lay,
 With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,
 Red, as if fused in the burning sky,
 And its deep groves pierced by the rays, which made
 A bright stream's way through each long arcade,
 Till the pillared vaults of the Banian stood
 Like torch-lit aisles midst the solemn wood,
 And the plumb-tree vaulted with leaves of gold,
 As a tree midst the genii gardens old,
 And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,
 And the stems of the cocoas were shafts of fire.
 Many a white pagoda's gleam
 Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,
 Broken alone by the lotus-flowers,
 As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours
 Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed
 Its glory forth on their crystal bed.
 Many a graceful Hindoo maid,
 With the water-vase from the silvery shade,
 Came gliding light as the desert roe,
 Down marble steps to the tanks below,
 And a cool sweet splashing was ever heard
 As the molten glass of the wave was stirred;
 And a murmur thrilling the scented air,
 Told where the Brahmin bowed in prayer.

We were scarcely aware, till we made the trial, of
 how much sunsets predominate over sunrises in poetry.
 The gentlemen who are of imagination all compact
 even when lingering among warm Ausonian bowers,
 appear to prefer their own pillows to those of Aurora.
 If they would rise early, they would find a stronger
 inspiration in the cool breath of the morning, when
 the bees are abroad, when the cowslips nod with dew,
 when the violets fling their perfume into the breeze,
 when the copse are alive with music, and when all the
 sounds abroad upon the earth might have been heard
 in Eden. Pope, speaking for his whole tribe, says:—

To grottoes and to groves we run,
 To ease and silence every Muse's sun.

But the ease and silence of the morning are almost as
 great as those of midnight forests, and the inspiration
 they give is rich and pure. Who has not felt the rising
 of the spirits, the buoyancy of the frame, the thrill,
 the ecstasy caused by breathing the elastic and balmy
 air? Next to this delight is that inhaled from the
 poet's page who has watched the day-springs from on
 high breaking in all their splendours on the universe.
 To commune with a poet's soul by brook or fountain,
 or on the silent margin of the sea at such an hour, is
 almost equal to the pleasure of giving airy nothings 'a

local habitation and a name.' Let our readers try;
 and if they do not agree with us, we will consent
 henceforward to renounce all skill in augury.

THE BLIND AND THE DEAF.

It is a common remark, that the blind are less solitary
 than the deaf. It seems a strange conclusion to arrive
 at—certainly not very flattering to human nature—
 companionship with the one being merely a little more
 troublesome and exacting than with the other. But so
 it is; and so obvious, that we not unfrequently hear
 persons say—so dependent are we on our fellow-
 creatures—that, of the two afflictions, they would
 choose blindness.

I remember Andrew McDonald, who played reels
 and strathspeys so merrily at the dancing-school in
 the north, in the little town of Tain. He was blind; he
 had lost his sight from small-pox in early youth; but
 he was never alone. It was not that his violin could
 'discourse most eloquent music,' he himself could
 discourse, and well; but the charm which conjured so
 many around him was—he loved most to listen. He
 craved information about things that he could not see,
 or read of; and we are all so fond of hearing ourselves
 speak, especially when we are appreciated by our
 audience, that Andrew had no lack of company. He
 seemed singularly independent of his blindness; for
 if guided once through the most intricate streets,
 he would find his way alone ever afterwards. He
 walked cautiously and slowly, however, feeling his
 way with his stick—not like the poor men of the Blind
 Asylum in Edinburgh, who, when they have not
 their usual burden, go on, to the danger of themselves
 and others, scarcely stopping for any obstacle, and
 occasionally knocking down those who stand in their
 way.

A gentleman from England, who happened to be
 present at one of the dancing-school balls, questioned
 Andrew as to his blindness, and told him of an oculist in
 London who had done wonderful things, and would be
 very likely to restore his sight. From that moment,
 Andrew began to save for the journey, which, about two
 years afterwards—a long period of hope, the happiest,
 perhaps, of his life—he commenced, and what is more,
 accomplished, all the way from Tain to London, and
 from London to Tain, there and back alone! Alas! the
 journey back was the darker of the two; hope had
 lighted the way to London, where the oculist could do
 nothing but shut out the one ray which had beguiled him
 so far from his home. Poor Andrew returned a sadder
 man. To regain his sight, had been the latent spark
 of hope he had cherished all his life, which the English
 gentleman had fanned into a blaze, but which was now
 extinguished for ever! His friends, however, gathered
 round him, and, as far as possible, compensated for his
 great disappointment. A subscription was entered
 into among his humble companions, to reimburse him
 for the expenses of his journey; but though this had
 been both expensive and difficult, it afforded Andrew
 some pleasure to recount his adventures, and relate
 how he had, to the amazement of every one, found
 his way about by himself, in that far-off and wonderful
 place—London.

In the same town of Tain, and in the house where
 I happened to reside, there was, at the time, an old
 deaf gentleman. It was a melancholy thing to see him,
 seated in his great arm-chair, beside the fire, alone in
 the midst of his family; looking eagerly at the young
 people, as if he fain would know what they were talking
 about, inquiring, perhaps; then, unnoticed, drooping
 his head in contemplation of his bereavement, which
 shut him out from social converse, but which was
 regarded by his family as a light affliction, and excited
 little sympathy. He was so exceedingly grateful to
 me, when I occasionally took my knitting and sat

beside him, endeavouring, through the medium of his silver trumpet, to converse, that the tears would come into the old man's eyes, as he pressed my hand and thanked me for my attention.

'My children and my grandchildren,' he would say, 'look impatient, and consider me troublesome when I ask a question. Little Harry used to think it a toy to prattle to his grandfather through this silver tube; but now the child, like the rest, avoids me, or replies with a petulant abruptness, as if it was a restraint to be detained by me.'

I could not help pitying the old gentleman, and grieved to think of the blank my absence would shortly occasion. He said he was learning to check his eagerness to ask questions, for those about him sometimes told him that he was getting very curious, and that the conversation was not important enough to bear repetition: this might be very true, but as their discourse was for the most part trifling, according to this rule the poor man might sit from morning till night, without exchanging an idea or a word with any one. It certainly was a little fatiguing and troublesome to converse with the deaf old gentleman, but his delight and gratitude were an ample return. O that the young would have more consideration for the aged; and those who are blessed in the enjoyment of all their faculties, would minister more to those who labour under the terrible privation of any!

Along with my brother, who was collecting matter for a work he was about to publish, I visited the interesting town of Hexham—interesting at least to him, for it was a fine field for historical research, although, for my own part, I found little to admire besides its ancient church. The circumstance which, more than anything else, obtained the dingy town a lasting place in my memory, was our taking a lodging with an extraordinary pair, an old man and woman—husband and wife, who lived by themselves, without child or servant, subsisting on the letting of their parlour and two bedrooms. They were tall, thin, and erect, though each seventy years of age. When we knocked at the door for admittance, they answered it together; if we rang the bell, the husband and wife invariably appeared side by side; all our requests and demands were received by both, and executed with the utmost nicety and exactness.

The first night, arriving late by the coach from Newcastle, and merely requiring a good fire and our tea, we were puzzled to understand the reason of this double attendance; and I remember my brother, rather irreverently, wondering whether we 'were always to be waited upon by these Siamese twins.' On ringing the bell, to retire for the night, both appeared as usual; the wife carrying the bedroom candlestick, the husband standing at the door. I gave her some directions about breakfast for the following morning, when the husband from the door quickly answered for her. 'Depend upon it, she is dumb,' whispered my brother. But this was not the case, though she rarely made use of the faculty of speech.

They both attended me into my bedroom; when the old lady, seeing me look with some surprise towards her husband, said: 'There's no offence meant, ma'am, by my husband coming with me into the chamber—he's stone-blind.'

'Poor man!' I exclaimed. 'But why, then, does he not sit still? Why does he accompany you everywhere?'

'It's no use, ma'am, your speaking to my old woman,' said the husband; 'she can't hear you—she's quite deaf.'

I was astonished. Here was compensation! Could a pair be better matched? Man and wife were, indeed, one flesh; for he saw with her eyes, and she heard with his ears! It was beautiful to me ever after to watch the old man and woman in their inseparableness.

Their sympathy with each other was as swift, as electricity, and made their deprivation as naught.

I have often thought of that old man and woman, and cannot but hope, that as in life they were inseparable and indispensable to each other, so in death they might not be divided, but either be spared the terrible calamity of being alone in the world.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PUBLICITY.

PEOPLE would need to be careful of their conduct now, for every day we see the most private matters flash out into the full blaze of newspaper publicity. One day, a little carelessness in performing a surgical experiment on a pauper, brings an unfortunate practitioner before the judgment of the nation. Another day, a set of officers in barracks, indulging from idleness and high spirits in a number of rough practical jokes, or erring from the line of propriety, blush, or have occasion to do so, at finding all the particulars in the newspapers. A boy at a public school, armed (strange to say) with an authority which should be the master's, inflicts a cruel and vindictive punishment on a fellow—writes to his father in great indignation that 'anything so trivial should be noticed even at the school—but, a week or two after, has to writhe under the condemnation poured out upon him in a leader of the *Times*, by which his delinquency becomes known in every part of the globe. A public official dabbles in stocks, thinking that losing is the worst that can happen—but, lo! the whole of his transactions are exposed in parliament! A blundering gentleman pays his addresses to a lady—changes his mind, or is drawn off by his relations—and by and by every silly sentence he ever, in the fondness of his heart, spoke or wrote to her, is put into five hundred journals in one week, and made the theme of universal merriment. The most quiet arrangement which a gentleman can make for the indulgence of a passion noted for the sad scrapes into which it brings its victims—who can tell but it may be matter of fame before a twelvemonth goes about? It would appear that, in all such cases, not the faintest conception of a possible exposure ever occurred to the unfortunate parties. Yet exposure has come. How stunning must it be to them when they find their inmost secrets turned out to the gaze of the whole world!

It must often be that the parties exposed are no worse than hundreds of others who remain concealed, for very generally it is not the degree of misconduct, but some unlucky accident, which leads to the exposure. But such is the course of things in the world generally. The thing to be considered, is the risk which attends every departure from the line of strict propriety, of being 'shown up' by the press in some way that can neither be mitigated nor avenged. What a coercion towards 'respectability' is here! Yes—and to something else. Can we wonder that there is so much of seeming, of merely external decorum, of that system of shams which Mr Carlyle is always denouncing, when the smallest aberrations, if committed unguardedly, are so apt to become matter of general publicity?

LOCAL EXERTIONS FOR SANITARY IMPROVEMENT.

In the north of London is a parochial district (Regent Square Church), which has within the last year or two made some remarkably successful exertions for sanitary improvement, merely by means of a local association under the presidency of the incumbent—probably, like most such things, an expression of the active zeal of one or two persons. We learn from its Report, dated last May, that the number of dwellings in the district is

1100, being about a 280th part of the entire metropolis. The inspector, appointed only in last November, had made 1453 personal inspections, chiefly in 172 of the houses, and already the reforms effected were surprisingly great. There were 168 cesspools in the course of removal and filling up; 170 foul house-drains cleansed; 271 sinks trapped, or about to be so; 168 glazed earthenware pans and siphons fixed, or about being fixed; 168 closets supplied with water, or under notices requiring the same; besides other improvements of a similar nature. It was found that 1344 square yards of surface of noxious matter had been obliterated, and 5100 lineal feet of house-drains renewed and cleansed out. The whole expense was *fifty pounds*, the money being raised by subscription. We think this altogether a most gratifying evidence of what can be done by simple means and individual exertions for the banishment of unhealthful agencies in a large city. It is to be hoped that the example will be followed.

VARIETY OF THE BLACKBERRY.

The New-Rochelle blackberry is evidently quite different from the common wild varieties, and also different from any that have been cultivated. It is much larger, more uniform in size, and more prolific than other varieties; it has less seeds, a good flavour, and is a good keeper. It is also thought to be better adapted to poor soils. On this point we cannot speak as positively from our own observation. One thing seems certain, that it has not depreciated by cultivation during eight or ten years. As to its size, it will surprise most persons who see it for the first time. At Norwalk, we saw several stalks bearing five to eight quarts each. We tried some that had been gathered over forty hours, and found the flavour quite good. A quart of them numbered 111 berries. We picked a quart from vines which had received no manure for two years past, and from which the largest had just been selected for the Newhaven Horticultural Society, and found that seventy-two of them filled a quart measure. The vines [stems or canes] grow quite large—many of them over an inch in diameter, and the fruit hangs in thick clusters—in size more like very large greengage plums than like the ordinary blackberry. The flavour is not apparently diminished by its large size, and the few seeds are not its least recommendation. We think this berry a valuable acquisition to our domestic fruits, and worthy of a place in every garden. We have watched this blackberry in several localities for some time past, and are thus particular in describing it, in order to answer the numerous inquiries we are continually receiving in regard to it.—*American Agriculturist*.

DRAPEY FOR THE LADIES.

Red Drapery. Rose-red cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexions, without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Dark-red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because, being higher than this latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them, in consequence of contrast of tone.—*Green Drapery.* A delicate green is, on the contrary, favourable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience. But it is not as favourable to complexions that are more red than rose, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case, a dark-green will be less objectionable than a delicate green.—*Yellow Drapery.* Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favourable than the delicate green. To those skins which are more yellow than orange, it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it rosy by neutralising the yellow. It produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and it is thus that it *suits brunettes*.—*Violet Draperies.* Violet, the complementary of yellow, produces contrary effects; thus it imparts some greenish-yellow to fair complexions.

It augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion, it makes green. Violet, then, is one of the least favourable colours to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of tone.—*Blue Drapery.* Blue imparts orange, which is susceptible of allying itself favourably to white and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this colour. Blue is, then, suitable to most blondes, and in this case justifies its reputation. It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange.—*Orange Drapery.* Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.—*White Drapery.* Drapery of a lustreless white, such as cambrie muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose colour; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colours by raising their tone.—*Black Drapery.* Black draperies, lowering the tone of the colours with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermillion or rosy parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear, relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to this same drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist.—*Chevreul's Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours.*

NERVOUSNESS OF THE DOG.

The nervous system in this creature is largely developed, and, exerting an influence over all its actions, gives character to the beast. The brain of the dog is seldom in repose; for even when asleep, the twitching of the legs, and the suppressed sounds which it emits, inform us that it is dreaming. No animal is more actuated by the power of imagination. Who is there that has not seen the dog mistake objects during the dusk of the evening? Delirium usually precedes its death, and nervous excitability is the common accompaniment of most of its disorders. To diseases of a cerebral or spinal character it is more liable than any other domesticated animal. Its very bark is symbolical of its temperament, and its mode of attack energetically declares the excitability of its nature. The most fearful of all the diseases to which it is exposed (rabies) is essentially of a nervous character, and there are few of its disorders which do not terminate with symptoms indicative of cranial disturbance. This tendency to cerebral affections will, if properly considered, suggest those casual and appropriate acts which the dog in affliction may require, and which it would be impossible for any author fully to describe. Gentleness should at all times be practised; but to be truly gentle, the reader must understand it is imperative to be firm. Hesitation, to an irritable being, is, or soon becomes, positive torture.—*Mayhew's Dogs.*

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

A collection of errors of the press of the malignant type would be amongst the curiosities of literature. Bayle records several curious specimens. In the loyal *Courier* of former days, it appeared that his Majesty George IV. had a fit of the goat at Brighton. We have seen advertised a sermon, by a celebrated divine, on the Immorality of the Soul, and also the Lies of the Poets, which should be a very comprehensive publication. The vicinity of Lives and Lies is indeed most dangerous—a single letter more or less making a lie of a life, or a life of a lie. Glory, too, is liable to the same mischance, the dropping of the liquid making it all gory. What is treason, asked a wag, but reason to a t? which t an accident of the press may displace with the most awkward effect. Imagine a historical character impeached for reason, or reasonable practices. Misprints are no doubt reducible to laws; and this is certain, that they always fall upon the tenderest part of an author's writing, and where there is a vital meaning to be destroyed.—*The Examiner.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.